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### IN VACATION.

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Tired Tim sat in his prison cell listless and despondent.

"I tell yer I ain't done nuffing, guv'nor," he declared to the prison chaplain. "I ain't hurt a fly."

"Come, come!" said the chaplain. "People don't get imprisoned for nothing, you know, my man. What was the charge against you?"

"Blest if I know guv'nor. As far as I can make out, they put me in here for fragrancy!"—Ex.

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In Chicago a short time ago a woman was haled into court, charged with intoxication. She was fined \$10, and as she arose, she said to the judge, whom she had heard had just completed a new house in a suburb, "Well, I suppose you need these \$10 to help paint your house."

"Oh yes," said his honor, genially. "And I think you'd better give me \$5 more, and I guess I'll paint the blinds."—American Legal News.

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**Clubs Were Trumps.**—The policeman had a gambler by the arm and was waiting for the patrol wagon to arrive.

"What are you doing?" asked a friend of the officer, who happened to be passing.

"I am holding a card party," replied the cop.—Boston Transcript.

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**Wills.**—Attorney: "What were your Father's last words?"

Witness: Father had no last words. Mother was with him to the end.